

VOLUME I.

TERMS.

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AGENTS.

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For the True American.

WHITTEVILLE, MASS., March 28th.
MR. C. M. CLAY.

Dear Sir,—As one of your subscribers, and an humble mechanic,—and as your paper is devoted to Universal Liberty and the elevation of labor,—I take the liberty to write. It is a lamentable fact, that there are in this boasted land of freedom but few papers that will publish the honest sentiments of a man if he differ from the mass; but in your paper I find the views of all men, all men are allowed to speak, this is as it should be in a land of freedom. I admire your paper and shall ever be a constant reader of it, because it defends the rights of man, places him where his Creator intended he should be: the lord of the earth, (not subject to it.)

Although I am a working man, yet I read some, and have traveled out of my native town, therefore do not consider myself a slave, as Mr. McDuffie would call me. On the contrary, I think I know what freedom is, and how to enjoy it; I therefore would not live in the district with Henry A. Wise, because I want to read the papers, believing that a Republican Government cannot be maintained where there is no reading. Mr. Wise may say that I live in a Republican Government, but I deny the fact; on the contrary, it is one of the most despotic in the world, a government that robs God's images of their civil rights,—of their right to themselves, making them chattels, a right which no man can take and not break the laws of God. But Mr. Wise is not alone in his belief: there are Northern men who talk and boast of their republicanism, and great men too.

I attend church often, and hear the clergy preach and pray that the blessings which we enjoy as a nation, may be extended to all the nations of the earth. Suppose we take the pious cloak off, and pray that the blessings of a slaveholding Christianity and Republicanism which we enjoy as a nation may be extended to all the nations of the earth; this is the true position, yet men pray to have it extended. But further, these divines will tell us that the Bible countenances no sin, and then will say that the slavery which we have is not so bad as Roman slavery was, and that the Apostles admitted them (the slaveholders) into the church. Did not the Apostles countenance sin if they did so? They will say that we can pray for them, (but not a word about action.) They will say we have nothing to do with slavery in the States, but not a word about the District of Columbia and the trade between the States. If Northern ministers will preach so, what can be expected of Southern divines.

The people will not stand this doctrine many years. The Abolitionists have now got the rope of truth and justice around their horns, and will draw them in to be shod with the shoes of liberty and equal rights. They kick and twist, but it is of no use, their organic sin, or cotton arguments, will not save them.

It may be asked who is responsible for this state of things? I contend that every man North or South that does not use his moral and political influence against slavery, is guilty. But men will say the North has nothing to do with it, and at the same time vote for men that make the laws to bind them. They quietly stand and see their citizens imprisoned in Southern jails for committing no crime, and say the North has nothing to do. In the name of sense, who has anything to do with it? If a man robs me of my rights, has no one a right to defend them? Is this the law of nations? (Cowardly nonsense.)

You may think that the people here are mostly Anti-Slavery, but this is not so, (they may talk so,) but by their fruit ye shall know them. There are but few people in New England who make their anti-slavery paramount; no, sir; all other things first and slavery last, is their motto; and this is the reason why slavery exists, it has always been last in all of our political action. Three quarters of the churches are closed to lectures on subject, and many of the ministers are dumb to the cause of the slave. This is the land of cotton factories, bought up by the South.

To say nothing of the Democratic party, it is said that the Whigs are in favor of political action. Is this so? Just look at the action of the Legislature of this State (which is all Whig), upon Mr. Wilson's resolution, it could not be passed. I am for political action, and if the Whigs or Democrats will not go for that, I go with the party that will.

Take care of the men first, and then look after the things. This was the course our fathers took; they looked after the rights of man, and then after banks and tariffs. We must do the same,—when we see our great men of the land bowing to the God of Slavery, it is time to look about and see if there is no help. When we see such men as Lawrence, and hundreds of others, yielding to the Texas usurpation. When we see Berrien, of Georgia, standing upon Boston Commons by your side, and saying,—“Whigs of the North, the Whigs of the South are with you;” and when in Congress defending the laws of the South, imprisoning our citizens, and then voting for the Texas plot;—when we see the Whigs of New York voting down the anti-Texas resolutions;—when we see the Kentucky Legislature passing resolves with a cordial welcome to Texas;—this, too, the home of Henry Clay,—in the face of all this, is it not time to stop and look? I did not vote for Henry Clay, yet previous to this, I voted for Harrison and Tyler. But I had lost all confidence in the party, and do you wonder? See the course of Tyler and his friends; see Clay's letters upon annexation; there was nothing positive about them! Had he said that slavery ought to have something to do with annexation, then there would have been hope. Had he, instead of

bowing to the South, risen above slavery, and stood for the rights of man; had he heard Mr. Mendenhall and his friends in their petition, and acted the part of a wise man, and given his slaves their rights.—Yes, had he done this, instead of defending slavery and the Whig party, from having anything to do with the anti-slavery men, I believe he would now be the president of the people. It did not need a single slave state to make him president. The North can rule the South, if they will act the part of men, (in the place of things.)

These are my views. I now act with the Liberty party, and shall continue to do so until I think there is a greater anti-slavery party than that. It does not need a great party to do great things; all history proves this. A small number of men, with the moral courage to take this monster, slavery, by the hair, and shake these devils, in the cloak of republicanism, off it, and it will soon die; and, Sir, I think you have got hold of them, and if you will only hang on, (which I think there is no doubt,) they will soon cease to kick. I admire the stand you take, and only wonder that there is not more to go with you. It is strange that they will try to perpetuate a system so unjust, a system that drives the free white man from his native home. Let them go into the new western States, and see the thousands that have left the slave States, because they could not stand erect, and be proud of their manhood, and all of this on account of slavery. There are thousands of mechanics here who would like to live in your State could they be men, not lowered to the condition of slaves because they labor for their bread. This is what slavery does, and always will, where it exists; and yet I am told by men here, and ministers too, that if it had not been for the abolitionists, slavery would have been abolished long ago. I am not a professor of any religion, but if I were, and (with such light as can be had upon this subject) should make such a statement, I should expect to be damned for ever. I do not believe such nonsense, but have formed a fixed resolution to work on, work ever,—vote on, vote ever, for the slave.

I have seen the comments you have made upon Mr. Lawrence's letters to Mr. C. Rives. Although I have been in favor of a high tariff, I have come to the conclusion that I was wrong. I may now be mistaken, but convince me of my error and I will turn. I have made up my mind that both of the tariffs are wrong; either high or low, and unjust in every sense of the term, because unequal; if we are to have a tariff I go for a high one, for the reason that it keeps out the most goods and raises the price of labor; but in either case the poor man pays as much as the rich to support the government, which is unjust. I am in favor of a direct tax to support the government, then the rich will pay their proportion, which they ought to do. But, says one, you are in favor of free trade? No, I am not! I would put on a prohibitory duty upon things that we can make ourselves; there are some articles that we can make, in time, that will need some protection; when we can make them as cheap as other nations, then keep the others out. All goods that we must have, let come in duty free.

Governments are formed to protect its subjects, and why should we let other countries take the bread out of our mouths? As it is now, we pay other nations large sums of money in order to raise a revenue. For example, you buy a yard of cloth of England, and pay two dollars, the duty may be twenty per cent; so, then, for every forty cents raised for our government you pay England two dollars. To me this seems supremely ridiculous, that we have got to pay two dollars to raise forty cents. Would it not be better to keep this money at home, and make our own cloth? I go for paying the forty cents by direct tax. We pay millions of dollars every year to other nations which we might keep at home, if our revenue was raised by tax. Then all the goods that we must have the poor would get at the lowest rate. If the rich man's property is to be protected let him pay for it; as it is now, if his property is confiscated, the poor man pays as much as the rich towards restoring it. Every man must admit that equal taxation is the most just. But it is said that we cannot enforce a tax—that the South will not submit to be taxed upon their slaves; then let them set them at liberty, and they will pay their own tax.

But this is not the trouble; the northern capitalist is what stands in the way; he wants to make the poor man protect him and his property; this is it, and they are the ones that blind the voter's eyes, or, in my mind, such a state of things could not exist one year.

There would be great benefits from this mode of raising a revenue. In the first place, our government would not be so extravagant; when the rich have to be taxed they are careful how the money is expended. It would do away with this herd of custom-house officers, and public corruption,—our government would be more stable; we should not have so many up and downs in trade. Our manufacturers would know what to depend upon. As it is now, our government do not know whether they will have ten or twenty millions of revenue, it all depends on speculators and stock-jobbers. It is said that if we do not let other nations in with goods it will make our higher; this is not so. I believe they would be cheaper than they are now; now there is a false value upon them, owing to the tariff. Capitalists know how to invest their money, and see all the chances to do business,—and there would be competition enough to make goods cheap. I believe there never was a people as intelligent, so completely hoodwinked as the people of these United States. These are my views, right or wrong, upon the tariff.

Yours, for liberty and justice,
JOHN H. NORSE.

Mr. C. M. Clay.
We give the letter of our friend, a laboring man; we of course differ in many respects, but we love the rude directness of these men of toil. (Ed. T. A.)

WASH FOR THE HAIR.—The American Farmer says: A quarter of an ounce of bergamot, put in a quart of N. E. rum, well shaken together in a glass vessel, and applied twice a day, is one of the best washes ever applied to the human hair, and prevents its falling out.

Remarkable Invention.
The Barnstable (Mass.) Patriot states that the Editor, during a recent visit to Boston, was shown specimens of the production of a wonderful piece of mechanism which were indeed truly astonishing. They were miniature busts of Daniel Webster, Abbot Lawrence, and Levi Woodbury; being perfect fac-similes, of their distinguished originals, and wrought out of beautiful American marble, and by a machine that has been invented by Mr. Thomas Blanchard, of Boston.

“This invention (the Patriot remarks) certainly establishes a new era in the art of sculpture, and promises to dispense, almost entirely, with the deep thought, and classic study, and indefatigable labor of the artist in his efforts to put life and poetry into the marble; for nature, art, every thing tangible, can be copied by this machine, with a precision which defies the chisel, even when guided by the most skillful hand, and directed by the most gifted talent. The machine, too, can be graduated so as to give reduced copies of any statuary, which shall be in its miniature, be perfect and exact copies of the originals in everything else but the size; preserving every line, furrow, and dimple, and giving prominence to muscles and veins, and every particular lineament and feature, in exact proportion!”

“By the same machinery the most correct and perfect bust relief profile likeness may be cut on the hardest material, and of any size required, from half an inch to full life-size. We saw a strikingly exact cameo profile of Henry Clay, as perfect a head of that statesman as we have ever seen in any of the busts or casts to be found, and of the fashionable size for a lady's breast-pin. Among the specimens, shown us, too, were the heads of several of our acquaintances, cut in cameo and ivory, the proper size for setting in pins, the first glimpse of which called before our minds the originals, as readily as the most perfect daguerotype or pencilled miniature would have done.

“We are told that this machine is surprisingly simple in its construction, and is worked with very little care or cost. Mr. Blanchard, the inventor, is already distinguished for his extraordinary genius. He was the inventor and patentee of the machine for turning irregular forms, as gunstocks, &c., and has produced many other remarkable inventions.”

“We are assured that the best of Greenough's and Persico's productions, which have cost them years of study and effort, can be copied by this apparatus with most positive accuracy; and the block of shapeless marble put into its power, will in a few hours stand forth a perfect copy of the most beautiful and animated statuary the greatest sculptors ever produced. And what is most wonderful, this machinery may be readily graduated to increase or diminish the copy, so as to furnish a colossal or a miniature figure, with equal precision, in all respects, in exact proportions.”

The Asylum Gazette, edited in the Asylum for the Insane, Concord, N. H., contains the following, which we believe was written by Washington Irving, and may be found in his Sketch Book.

The Remembrance of the Dead.

The sorrow for the Dead, is the only sorrow from which we refuse to be divorced. Every other wound we seek to heal—every other affliction we forget. But this wound we consider SACRED and our duty to keep open—this affliction we cherish and brood over in solitude with fond and melancholy exultation. Where is the mother that would willingly forget the infant that perished like a blossom from her arms, though its very recollection is a pang to her bosom? Where the child that would willingly forget the most tender of parents, although the remembrance be but to lament? Who, even in the hour of agony, would forget the friend over whom he mourns? Who, even when the tomb is closing over the remains of her he most loved, when he feels his heart crushed as it were by the closing of its portals, would accept of consolation, if it must be purchased by FORGETFULNESS? No, no, no! The love that survives the tomb is the noblest attribute of the soul. If it has its joys, it also has its joys. And when the overwhelming burst of grief is calmed into gentle recollection, when the sudden anguish and convulsive agony are over, the present remains of all that we hold most dear—is softened away into meditation—on all that it was in the days of its loveliness. Who would banish such sorrow from the heart?

Although it may sometimes throw a cloud over the hour of gaiety, or a deeper sadness over the hour of gloom—yet who would exchange it for the song of pleasure, or the burst of revelry? No!!! There is a voice from the tomb, sweeter, far sweeter than song. There is a remembrance of the dead which causes us to turn even from the living. Oh! the grave, the grave!!! It buries every error, covers every defect and extinguishes every resentment—and clothes the loved dead with more than human loveliness. The graves of those we loved!!! what a place of sweet meditation!!! There it is we call up the full history of virtues, gentleness and a thousand endearments lavished upon us almost unheeded whilst living. There it is that we dwell upon the tenderness, the awfulness of the parting scene. The bed of death with its stifled grief, its noiseless attendants, in mute watchful assiduity, the last of expiring pulse, the feeble fluttering pulse; the pressure of the hand, the last fond look of the glazed eye, turning on us even from the threshold of existence, the faint fluttering accents struggling in death to give us one more assurance of affection.

VINEGAR FROM BEETS.—A farmer in Detroit says: The last season I grated about a bushel of the sugar beet to a fine pulp, and pressed the juice therefrom, of which I obtained six gallons. I put the same in a vinegar barrel, which was entirely empty, and in less than two weeks I had as good as pleasant vinegar as I ever obtained from cider, and was equally as strong and clear.

SCARE-CROWS.—Suspend bright sheets of tin or tall poles, at proper distances, through your corn fields, and the crows will not disturb your corn, as the least wind causes a reflection that will prove just as frightful to them as an explosion of gunpowder or the report of a gun. We have tried this plan for several years, and never without success.—American Farmer.

Sir Robert Peel.
The New York Gazette has a graphic correspondent, who is writing a series of “Gallery Sketches of Public Characters,” by an American in England. From one of his numbers we extract the following sketch of the Premier of Great Britain, Sir Robert Peel:

This distinguished statesman is in person rather above the common size, though not what might be termed, a large man—his complexion is light, and his hair is what is generally termed “sandy,” his cheeks full, which diminish the size of his mouth and eyes. At first glance a stranger would not pronounce him a man of intellect or genius; but it is only necessary to attend one debate in the House of Commons, in which he takes a part, to be convinced that he is not only a man of extraordinary powers, but far superior to any member on the floor; in fact, although I have been present on many occasions, and sat for hours at a time listening to every variety of debate there, I never witnessed an instance where the most powerful on “the opposition benches,” no matter on what subject, with or without notice, did not find his overmatch in “Sir Robert,” or “The Right Honorable Baronet,” as they term him.

His manner is remarkably easy, his tone of voice soft, and agreeable, and he is entirely free from the habit of hesitation, and repetition, and “mumbling,” which is so peculiar to the English. In his respect he almost equals the best American speakers in fluency; but there is no violence or rant, his object seems to be first to convince and next to persuade, in the most quiet and amiable way. I suppose I have heard him speak at least fifty times, and never recollect witnessing in his manner a loss of temper; he was always gentlemanly and courteous, as if he felt by his position and power that he required no other means to carry his object, or that long experience had taught him that they were the most efficient means. As I am in the habit of tracing resemblances, I should say that a person familiar with Ch. Benton, of the United States Senate, would at first sight be struck with his resemblance to Sir Robert Peel; whilst the voice and manner of the latter, closely resemble that of the late Mr. Biddle, of Philadelphia.

After becoming somewhat acquainted with the political history of the Premier, and informed of the peculiar relation he bears to the great contending parties of the day, it is peculiarly interesting to watch and notice on all occasions the consummate skill he manifests in keeping himself in that position which enables him to steer his way through old prejudices long established, and new theories and systems of modern origin; or in other words, to keep “Old England” in harmony with “Young England,” and to draw from both the best material to construct his “Political Pantheon”; and hence it is that on almost every occasion touching matters of public interest, his remarks are alternately interrupted by cries of “hear, hear,” from the Tory, the Whig, and Conservative circles. Each being able to recognize some material in the structure—drawn from his own laboratory—and so he proceeds in building up what I term a “Political Pantheon,” and which, when finished, will, like that of Rome, be spared, perhaps, longer than any other, even by Goth or Vandal—fearing that its demolition will destroy some of their own handy-work. He has in fact been conducting a revolution in England so quietly and adroitly, that the most of them are unconscious of the changes he has produced, except by their benefits.

There was a capital caricature of him in Punch, a short time ago, in which he is represented as the “man who plays on many instruments;” here was as much truth as wit in this, for, with this drop in expression on the mind one can’t listen to him in the gravity of debate without being under the persuasion that he hears, and the harmonious flourishes of the most approved modern music, the cheerful notes of “God save the Queen,” and “Britannia rules the Waves;” and thus it is that “Young England” (they won’t say “New England”) applauds—and thus it is that “Old England” applauds—and neither has power or will to separate the music, he manages to harmonize its parts so well.

There is another evidence of his skill, which cannot fail to strike an observer; he has at his side, on the same bench, and near him, and around him, the leading members of the government, and they all seem so well trained that a mere look from him brings either of them to his feet, to reply to some inquiry, or to respond to some remark from the “opposite side” of the table, and they all seem well trained to take their cue and guidance from the Premier; all courteous, and mild, and gentle; he seems to use them as to “soft fenders” are used on the steamers on the Thames, at the numerous landing and stopping places, and other objects of contact on that crowded river—to prevent an injurious thump or scraping. He watches the approach, and according to the extent of the danger, he interposes the fender; necessary to protect his boat, (for he has “fenders” of all sizes at hand,) but when there is a strong current, a high wind, or any other great occasion, he uses himself, the greatest and most reliable “fender” the “Queen” has on board; and no matter how severe the shock may be threatened, the contact seems to pass without injury, unless he happens to put the hardest side of his fender against the assailant; but this he seldom does, for his fenders are generally smooth and soft.

The multiplicity and ever-ending variety of the labors of his office, one would suppose were too much for the mental and physical ability of any man; it has proved so to many; but “Sir Robert” seems to bear his work well, and is in good health. He is personally a brave man, and has given ready evidence of it on more than one occasion, so that no one, worthy of his notice, cares to take any personal liberties with him; and it is this fact (so says report) that wins most the confidence of the “Old Duke,” (as Wellington is called,) who is a species of “Old hickory” of his day, and who thinks that great ability, however necessary and indispensable to high station, goes for little unless coupled with undoubted personal courage.

Take him all in all, Sir Robert Peel is now, perhaps, one of the most remarkable men of the day; and not the least of his high qualities is that of a high estimate of our country; and I am told that so far from indulging in a narrow satisfaction that some feel in contrasting our late financial mishap, he, on all proper occasions, expresses deep regret, and feeling a just pride in our common origin, laws, language and habits, is never more gratified than in evidences of our prosperity and advancement. I have this assurance from the very best authority, and it gives me pleasure to record it in this my hurried sketch of the “Premier of England.”

Grecian Monuments.
The eloquent Chateaubriand, in his “Journey from Paris to Jerusalem,” thus speaks of the monuments of Athens:

The first thing which strikes a traveller on beholding the monuments of Athens, is their lovely color. In our climate, where the heavens are charged with smoke and rain, the whitest stone soon becomes tinged with black and green. It is not thus with the atmosphere of the city of Theseus. The clear sky and brilliant sun of Greece have shed over the marble of Paros and Pentelicon a golden hue comparable only to the finest and most fleeting tints of autumn.

Before I saw these splendid remains I had fallen into the ordinary error concerning them. I conceived that they were perfect in their details, but they wanted grandeur. But the first glance at the original is sufficient to show that the genius of the architect has supplied in the magnitude of the proportion what was wanting in size; and Athens is accordingly filled with stupendous edifices. The Athenians, a people far from rich, few in number, have succeeded in removing gigantic masses: the blocks of stone in the Pnyx and the Propyleum, are literally quarters of rock.

The slabs which extend from pillar to pillar are of enormous dimensions; the columns of the temples of Jupiter Olympus are about sixty feet in height, and the walls of Athens, including those which stretched to the Piræus, extended over nine leagues, and were so broad that two chariots could drive abreast. The Romans never erected more extensive fortifications. By what strange fatality has it happened that the chief of Greece of antiquity, which the moderns go so far to admire, have owed their destruction to the moderns themselves? The Parthenon was entire in 1687; the Christians at first converted it into a church, and the Turks into a mosque. The Venetians, in the light of the seventeenth century, bombarded the Acropolis with red hot shot; a shell fell on the Parthenon, pierced the roof, communicated to a few barrels of powder, and blew into the air a great part of the edifice, which did less honor to the gods of antiquity than the genius of man.

No sooner was the town captured, than Morosini, in the design of embellishing Venice with its spoils, took down the statues from the front of the Temple; and another modern has completed, from love of antiquity, that which the Venetian had begun. The invention of the moderns has been fatal to the monuments of antiquity. Had the barbarians been acquainted with the use of gunpowder, not a Greek or Roman edifice would have survived their invasion; they would have blown up even Pyramids in their search for hidden treasures. One year's war in our time will destroy more than a century of combats among the ancients. Everything among the moderns seems opposed to the perfection of art; their country, their manners, their dress; even their discoveries.

The same eloquent writer thus describes the view from the Acropolis, or Citadel of Athens:

To understand the view from the Acropolis, you must figure to yourself all the plains at its foot; bare and clothed in a dusky heath, intersected here and there by woods of olives, squares of barley and ridges of vines; you must conceive the heads of columns, and ancient ruins, emerging from the midst of that cultivation; Albanian women washing their clothes at the fountain, or the scanty streams; peasants leading their asses, laden with provisions, into the modern city; those isles, those seas, whose names are engraven on the memory, illuminated by a resplendent light.

I have seen from the rock of the Acropolis the sun rise between the two summits of Mt. Hymettus; the ravens which nestle round the citadel, but never fly over its summit, floating in the air beneath their glossy wings reflecting the rosy tints of the morning; columns of light smoke ascending from the villages on the sides of the neighboring mountains, marked the colonies of bees on the far-famed Hymettus; and the ruins of the Parthenon were illuminated by the finest tints of pink and violet. The sculptures of Phidias, struck by the horizontal ray of gold, seemed to start from their marble bed by the depth and mobility of their shadows; in the distance, the sea and the Piræus were resplendent with light, whilst on the verge of the western horizon the citadel of Cornith, glittering in the rays of the rising sun, shone like a rock of purple and fire.

Heat a Compound of Electricity.

A writer in the N. Y. Medical and Surgical Reporter advances the following theory:

It is a well known fact, that in the operation of the galvanic battery, heat is produced at the point where the wires from the opposite poles of the battery meet, that is, at the point where the two electricities are neutralized. We find in our experiments, one wire, and the negative electricity passing the positive, whilst on the other, the positive and the negative electricity meet, and at the point of union we find heat. This heat cannot be produced by friction, for it is much greater than has ever been derived from this source. When charcoal is placed between the poles of a powerful battery, it produces the greatest heat ever known. From what is this heat derived? It is too great to ascribe to the combustion of the charcoal. To what conclusion can we come? I can suggest no explanation, except that heat is a compound of the two electricities' approach to each other. They unite, and what do you find in that place of union? Caloric. What better evidence can we have, that heat is a compound substance, composed of the two electricities?

Lavoisier proved water to be a compound of oxygen and hydrogen, by uniting the two gases and producing water. In the same manner, we prove heat to be a compound of the two electricities.

pound of the two electricities, by uniting and producing heat.

As a further evidence of this theory, it may be mentioned, that when the poles of a battery, instead of wires, are connected by chains, the alternate links of which are composed of good and bad conductors, the bad conductors become hot, while the good remain comparatively cold. What is the cause of this? The two electricities are checked in their progress through the bad conductors, and they unite and form heat. I know of no explanation of this fact on any other theory.

THE NEW ORLEANS SLAVE CASE.—We yesterday copied from the N. O. Delta, an account of the sale of a convict negro from this State, sold in that city on the 15th inst. We learn from a correspondent that the negro's name is William Gross, and that he was tried for murder in the Washington county court, and found guilty of manslaughter. The judgment of the court was that he should be sold beyond the limits of the State of Maryland, by the sheriff of said State. The deputy sheriff brought him to Baltimore, and it is alleged, sold him to H. H. Slater for \$620, without explaining the circumstances under which he was sold. Mr. Slater sent him to New Orleans with other slaves, and the facts of the case having been learned by the authorities, he was seized and sold, according to a law prohibiting the introduction of convict negroes into that State. He was bought again by Mr. Slater, who will bring him back, and return him to the authorities of Washington county, from whom he will seek redress.—Baltimore Sun.

Capt. GUSTAVUS S. DRAKE, of the United States Army, in command of Fort Mifflin, being Philadelphia, died on Wednesday evening last, after a protracted illness, in the 57th year of his age.

DEATH OF PURSER SPENCER.—We are informed that letters were received yesterday, announcing the death, by yellow fever, on the coast of Africa, of JOHN C. SPENCER, Jr., son of the Secretary of War, who was attached as Purser to the U. S. sloop-of-war Marion. This bereavement falls with a crushing weight upon the hearts of parents by whom he was tenderly loved, and who mourn the loss of a son truly worthy of their devoted affection.—Albany Evening Journal.

POWERS, THE SCULPTOR.—On the authority of a letter just received from Florence, by a gentleman of Cincinnati, the Chronicle gives the following information concerning Mr. Powers:

“One of his last productions is a bust of the Grand Duchess of Tuscany, which is universally admired, and has elicited unbounded applause from the Ducal family, who have never before been perfectly satisfied with any artist. This commission was given to our gifted sculptor in the face of a strong prejudice that existed against all foreigners. An order has also been received for two copies of the above bust, as well as for a statue to it, of the grand Duke himself. The bust of the daughter of Jerome Bonaparte, who is a beautiful woman is said to be among the wonders of Italy.”

EDUCATION IN RUSSIA.—Galignani's Messenger states, that the Emperor of Russia has ordered the establishment of schools for the education of the children of his Jewish subjects. They are to be of two classes, elementary and superior. The religious education is to be exclusively under teachers of the Jewish religion, but for general education there is to be no distinction between the Jews and Christians.—Chris. Obs.

TO CURE A BURN.—A lady, a preacher of the Society of Friends, in New York, was so successful in curing burns, that many supposed her possessed of the power of working miracles. The following is the recipe for the medicine: “Take one ounce of beeswax, with four ounces Burgundy pitch, simmered in an earthen vessel together, with as much sweet oil as will soften them into the consistency of a salve when cool—stir the liquid when taken from the fire until quite cool. Keep it in the air in a tight box or jar. When used, spread it thinly on a cloth and apply it to the part injured. Open the burn with a needle and let out the water till it heals.—Exchange paper.

A TWELVE-WHEELED CAR.—We have recently observed on the railroad, at Jersey city, a splendid passenger-car, running on twelve wheels. The car is very long and beautifully-finished and tastefully painted; and when seen in motion presents an appearance superior to anything in the car line that we have had the pleasure of witnessing.—Scientific American.

Hon. Abbot Lawrence contributes some interesting facts in reference to the consumption of raw cotton in the United States. Since 1816, a period of twenty-nine years, the amount consumed has increased from 11,000,000 to 176,200,000 lbs.—more than sixteen fold. During the same period, the increase of consumption in Great Britain has been from 88,000,000 to 560,000,000 lbs.—less than seven fold.

A gigantic project has been broached in Paris,—being a cast-iron tunnel beneath the sea, to extend from Calais to Dover,—twenty-one miles. Such an enterprise at first sight appears visionary, but the experience of the last thirty years goes to prove the immense power of human skill, to such an extent that nothing in the arts now seems to be impossible.

RISE AND FALL OF THE LAKES.—The water in the Detroit river is now nearly as low as in 1824. In 1824 it began to rise, and continued to do so down to 1838, when it was at its maximum. In 1839 it began to fall again, and has so continued to the present time.

A Belgian savant has just discovered that electric light, directed on the human body, makes it so diaphanous as to enable the arteries, veins, and nerves to be seen at work, and their action to be studied.

Politeness may prevent the want of wit and talents from being observed; but wit and talent cannot prevent the discovery of the want of politeness.

From the New York Gazette and Times.

BY AN AMERICAN IN ENGLAND.

Wandering about the House of Lords in an easy, careless and familiar manner, at one time approaching the bar and talking over the rail to some visitors—again seen taking a friendly chat with the Lord Chancellor on the wool sack, and sharing a seat with him there now on one bench with a group of members about him—and a few minutes after on another bench with an entirely different group, may be seen a plain, clumsy looking person, both in dress and person, about sixty-five years of age, with a long face subjected to a nervous twitching, a nose inclining to turn up, large and looking as if it had been abruptly cut off at the end—his hair coarse and thick, and grizzled brown, growing far down on his forehead and carelessly rubbed down as smoothly as such hair will admit. One shoulder a little depressed and a side way movement in walking.

I no sooner put my eye on him than I enquired of a gentleman standing near if that was Lord Brougham. Had I been standing at *poets' corner* and asked the same stranger if the structure about me was Westminster Abbey? I could not have excited his surprise more.

“Certainly sir!” was his reply, and looking at me enquiringly or wonderfully, as if doubting there could be any man living who stood in need of the information I asked. “There is something so entirely ‘sui generis’ in the appearance and manner of this ‘learned Lord,’ as he is termed in debate, that no one who has seen ‘Punch’ and other Caricatures whose sketches show up the odd outlines of his Lordship's head and face could for one moment hesitate in selecting him out at first sight.”

He speaks on almost every subject that comes up—and his voice and manner are as peculiar as his appearance. Whilst speaking he has the habit of pressing his elbows to his side and turning the palms of his hands upward—says what he has to say in rather a crack'd and husky voice, and keeps up a constant jerking and swaying his head, and shrugging his shoulders, and indicating by his general manner that the subject matter as well as the entire circle about him are equally at his finger ends,—seldom fails to raise a laugh in one quarter, at the expense of another; he is said to be almost incapable of letting an opportunity slip by unheeded which admits of a crack at some opponent. Among the numerous anecdotes of this nature related of him, I will here state one illustrative of his temper and manner.

It occurred at the time Mr. Webster was last in England, and at a period when the then Ministry stood in a tottering position and were expected every hour to throw up their hands and give place to others. Lord Brougham accompanied Mr. Webster one evening to the House of Lords and placed him in rather a conspicuous position, and wended his way among the members, chatting to one and another, and evidently letting them know that a distinguished visitor was present, for those he spoke to would turn and take a look at “our Senator.” Shortly after a member rose and asked the postponement of some resolutions which had been marked down for discussion that evening, and in the course of his request expressed a hope that it would meet the approbation and assent of the “Learned Lord.” Whereupon Lord B. nodded assent; this done, another similar request was made by another member in regard to another resolution, and also hoping it would meet the assent of the “Learned Lord,” this drew from him a like assent, with an extra nervous twitch of his nose and cheek. And, strange to say, a third similar request followed, with an equally special hope that it would also meet the assent of the “Learned Lord,” whereupon his Lordship rose, and, taking his peculiar attitude, remarked that when he came down to the House that evening, he did not suppose that so much honor and personal distinction awaited him—that he had scarcely got his seat before one noble Lord made a direct appeal to him for his assent to the postponement of one question, and this followed by a second appeal from another noble Lord, and now again comes a third, equally looking to his special acquiescence—Why, me Luds, this is strange, indeed; and not less embarrassing to me. Should any distinguished stranger be now present, (and here he turned and looked toward Mr. Webster, and nearly every head turned instinctively in that direction also,) I say, me Luds, if any distinguished stranger were here present, he would really be led to suppose that I was a man of some consequence here—when it is well known to your Lordships that I have at this present moment no more weight or influence in this House than—(here he paused, and looking over the table that separated him from the Ministerial bench, and making a bow in that direction,) than any of His Majesty's Ministers.”

LEXINGTON, WEDNESDAY, MAY 6.

Contemptible.

The Commonwealth, in giving an account of the trial of Forbes and Armitage, for the abduction of Jerry Finney, from the free soil of Ohio into Kentucky slavery, uses the following language: "Not the slightest violation of decorum and propriety, not the smallest manifestation of undue excitement occurred, unless the hearty applause spontaneously bestowed upon both the eloquent orators might be so construed." Is not this something worse than cowardice, something more than twaddle? Are counts of justice to be thus for ever desecrated by the bloody institution?

This whole trial is a miserable farce. If Jerry was carried to Cincinnati by Allger, he was on free soil, and by the laws of nature and nations, free. If Jerry went to Cincinnati by Mrs. Long's consent after his clothes, he was on free soil, and by the laws of nature and nations, free. In neither case was he "escaped from service." The municipal law of Kentucky ceased at her border, and Jerry is free, and a citizen of Ohio reduced to slavery!

Mr. Johnson congratulates himself that he is not scalped, for supplanting the delivery of his enslaved countryman!—Let him go home to his people, who—we venture to say, will show themselves worthy of such a representative! We too are for peace, but it is too dear, if purchased with the liberty of the meanest of men!

Smithsonian Bequest.

This subject is again before Congress. We trust it will be acted upon. Delays on such subjects are injurious to the public interest, and prejudicial to the public character.

On the first of July next, it will be ten years since the United States Government accepted the trust. Yet it has done nothing towards carrying it out! And what was that trust? To appropriate half a million of dollars for the diffusion of human knowledge! Admit that this is a small sum and could accomplish but little towards effecting this noble object—still, the spirit which should waste it would lose, as the spirit which would use it rightly would gain, everything.

We boast of our educational efforts, and tell foreigners that we do more than any people towards informing the masses. What could we say, if they should charge us with hypocrisy in pretending to be such friends of education, while we violate the solemn trust we have voluntarily assumed, to use the bequest of Mr. Smithsonian in diffusing information among men? The people must turn their attention more and more to these moral subjects. It is not consistent with their interests or safety to neglect them.

If any plan is devised, or agreed upon, by Congress, as to the manner in which this bequest shall be employed, we will notice it in detail hereafter.

The Right Doctrine.

The Lowell Courier speaking of Mr. Wilson's resolutions which were adopted by the Massachusetts Legislature, remarks:

"The bone and sinew of the Whig party in this State, are the young men. To make Massachusetts the pioneer in the cause of human freedom, is their high destiny. They know that there are millions of their fellow countrymen held in hopeless bondage, bought and sold like oxen in the stall, for no other reason than that they are of African origin. They know that this system of slavery is disgraceful to the name of Republican, at war with natural rights, and blasting in its effects on the whole country. They feel it and they sympathize with the weak and the oppressed. They therefore have given their word to understand that they will take their stand against it, and that they have taken it. They are not content with the right to rid the land of the curse. This is a noble stand and a noble resolution, and from which the Whigs of Massachusetts will never swerve. God is on their side, and they take courage."

The Boston Daily Whig, quoting the above, adds:—

"The fact is that Mr. Wilson's resolutions, or the substance of them, in part and part of the Whig faith in this State. It is useless to dodge the question, and the whole people will respond to it. A few persons may be cautious and timid about publicly avowing this doctrine, but they must come to it at last."

This is manly. We like the stuff which talks in this way. It is of the grit of '76. And it is glorious to think, as it is cheering to know, that the young men of New England are first and foremost in the pioneer struggle for human freedom. There will be no such word as fail in their vocabulary.—They have taken the true stand and must succeed. God and the right will ensure their success.

The Oregon.

We gave last week the details of the settlement of this question by Congress, and we have now the satisfaction of saying, that the President approves the joint resolution.

When he will give the notice, or whether it will be necessary to give it at all, remains to be seen. The Union uses the following language on the subject:

"It is impossible for us not to feel a strong desire to adjust our differences with a ministry whose policy in regard to the commerce of the Pacific has been so ungenerous and so unwelcome. We have no doubt that the President will, in his own good time, repeat his hope, that this long-pending controversy may be finally adjusted, in such a manner as not to disturb the peace or interrupt the harmony now so happily subsisting between the two nations."

Put into direct terms, this language means, that President Polk will recommence negotiations in the spirit of the joint-resolution. If so, there is an end to all difficulty about the Oregon. For Great Britain is anxious to settle the question, and will accept the parallel of 49 as the basis of that settlement.

We congratulate the country upon the prospect. War questions are absorbing in their characters. Men are not in the mood, when the public peace is threatened, and all great interests more or less endangered, to consider home matters even of vital moment. We have seen this result produced on the slavery question. Now then that peace is certain, opportunity will be offered to all to look into moral subjects, to discuss, or hear them discussed, and we hope our true friends will avail themselves of it. There is no time to be lost. Every hour wasted, every resource neglected, every means scattered, and all remissness practiced or tolerated, will only give firmer root to wrong, and slacken the energy which is to repress it. Wherever we are, or whatever we do, let us henceforth bind ourselves closer to the cause of freedom, and knit together by the strongest of human ties, do whatever we may or can in its defence.

Great North-Western Convention.

From the zeal with which the thing has been undertaken, and the noble spirit prevailing in the north-west, we have no doubt a grand convention will be assembled at Chicago, on the 24th of June. The Western Citizen, March 18th, says:

"The idea is every where received with an enthusiasm far exceeding the expectation of those who had ventured first to move in this matter. It is not only settled that SUCH A CONVENTION WILL BE HELD, but we have every reason to believe that it will be attended by thousands, and that hundreds of delegates will be present for each

of the states of the north-west. It will be a north-western convention only in name and location, and we hope, and believe, that we shall have delegates also from the eastern, middle, and southern states. Many of the talented speakers and far-famed men of the east, we expect, will be present, to assist in making the proceedings interesting. The big Ohio tent will be sent for, so that there will be ample room to accommodate the assembled crowd, comfortably, within hearing and speaking distance. The people of Chicago will do their best to entertain visitors from out of the city without expense."—*Liberty Press.*

Bank of Kentucky.

The late verdict in the Philadelphia Court of Common Pleas, in favor of the Bank of Kentucky, infits suit against the Schuylkill Bank, is not definitive of the issue between those institutions. It appears that a law was passed at the recent session of the Pennsylvania Legislature, which authorizes the Schuylkill Bank to appeal, and to try the issue in a higher Court.

Major Ripley.

The Court of Inquiry which met at Springfield, Mass., to examine into certain accusations made against Maj. JAMES W. RIPLEY, of the United States Army, acquitted that officer fully and honorably of all the charges preferred against him. The President has approved the "findings and opinion" of the Court, and the official publication of this fact has been made through the Washington papers.

The Massachusetts Resolution.

The Massachusetts resolution, already published, was preceded by a very able report by Henry Wilson, Esq.

The resolution, passed by so triumphant a majority in the House, is gratifying to the friends of Republicanism throughout the Union. It embraces our whole faith upon this vital subject. It is short and clear of extraneous matter, covers the whole ground of political and moral action, does not trammel the action of any man or party; while it is catholic enough to embrace all the fragments of opposition to Tyranny in the whole Union. This, and the New Hampshire election, are brave steps in the continuation of the Revolution of 1776, and promises well for the final vindication of the Declaration of American Independence, and the general liberties of man.

New York, perhaps, will be the next to take the same ground; then Ohio; and then a general falling into line will follow in all the free States; then come Delaware, Maryland, and Kentucky; till a final overthrow of slavery shall mark a new era in the history of the Human race.

On, Stanley, on—for God and Liberty!

The Oregon Question.

According to the Journal of Commerce the Oregon question is settled. Letters by the Great Western from high sources say that such is the fact, and give the details, viz: lat. 49 to the Straits of Fuca, and thence through said Straits to the Pacific, leaving the whole of Vancouver's Island to Great Britain, the navigation of the Columbia for a term of years, &c.

It would seem that this arrangement has been brought about through the mediation of several gentlemen at Washington. The Journal of Commerce speaks confidently on the subject.

"The forms of diplomacy will be gone through with at Washington, as we presume—for the formal negotiation has never, by our government, been committed to Mr. McLane, though the generous confidence existing between him and Lord Aberdeen has doubtless enabled him to render important aid in bringing the controversy to a favorable issue. The President, we have reason to think, is ready and will be prompt to accept the terms stated above, and the Senate not less prompt in confirming what he does. Let the dogs of war howl, and go to 54,40—the prey has escaped them. The 'national right' need not now be 'prepared for war.'"

A paragraph from a Liverpool paper of the 11th, mentions the above intelligence as having been communicated on 'Change, but does not speak confidently of its correctness. Our regular correspondent writes us, under date of the 11th instant, that our party in England, as well as here, was completely down, but he does not appear to have been aware that the terms of an arrangement had been agreed on.

Army of Occupation.

General Worth has resigned his commission in consequence of the late decision of the President upon the subject of brevet rank, which reduces him to a colonel.

Col. Cross, Deputy Quarter Master General, rode out alone from the camp, and has not been heard of since. The New Orleans Picayune, of the 13th, says:

"Through the energy and adroitness of an officer of the dragons, it was ascertained that Col. Cross had been taken prisoner by a party of Mexican rascals, consisting of a captain, lieutenant, and five men, and carried off. Not the least apprehension is now entertained for the personal safety of Col. Cross, but it is not known in Gen. Taylor's camp where he is.

Mexican officers positively deny that he is in Metamoras, and we must wait patiently a little while for the mystery to be unravelled. But let us repeat, that, at last accounts, the officers in Gen. Taylor's camp felt no alarm whatever as to the personal safety of Col. Cross.

Mexico.

No war yet. Mexico has not declared war and will not. 'Tis well. For the sake of the public character, the United States dare not strike the first blow. It will be a marvel, however, should there be no fight on the border: for there are spirits there on our side ready to march for booty anywhere.

We give the latest news from Mexico in another column.

Progress.

We find the following in an exchange paper: Louisville (Ky.), has a population estimated at about forty thousand. The Journal of this city, says there were more houses built here last year, than during any previous year; and from the extensive preparations now going on, it is believed that the buildings to be erected this year will surpass those of the past season. Many of the new edifices are private residences, commodious and magnificent, and exhibiting great improvements in architectural taste. The Journal's subsequent remarks will show one of the main causes of this substantial and increasing prosperity: "Louisville is rapidly advancing in manufactures. A few years ago her interests were almost exclusively commercial. But a wholesome change has already taken place, and our citizens now manufacture articles for export, for which, but a short time ago, they depended on the enterprise of other cities."

There is no reason why Louisville should not be one of the first cities in the West. Her position naturally gives her every advantage. Yet in every respect she is far behind Cincinnati.

Just now Louisville is beginning to revive. Progress may be seen everywhere, and in every thing. And why? Because slavery is becoming there more and more nominal, and because it grows more and more so, every interest prospers. Let the chain be broken and real estate would go up, and in the advance pay for every slave within thirty miles of the city. Let freedom be the law of the State, and the wealth accumulated by independent labor would give stability to its prosperity, and add millions to its resources. Why not snap asunder the bonds of servitude and quadruple this progress, and give to Louisville, as well as to Kentucky, the look, bearing, and durable manhood which belongs to the free States?

India.

The campaign against the Sikhs must have cost the British India army, in killed and wounded, 8000 or 10,000 men, including an extraordinary proportion of British officers, by whom the troops are

chiefly commanded. A majority of the non-commissioned officers and privates killed and wounded were natives. The officers' reports of killed and wounded on the British side in three principal engagements, are as follows:

	Killed.	Wounded.
Battle of 28th January, 1846	151	314
" 10th February, 320	2072	
" December 18th, 215	657	
" " 22d, 694	1729	
	1380	4763
		1380

From Texas.

The steamship Alabama, Capt. Windle, arrived at New Orleans on the 20th inst., brings late Galveston papers.

The Galveston News published a letter from Gen. Hamilton in relation to his connection with the Texas Government, diplomatic and financial. It appears a joint committee of both houses was raised, to whom was referred his memorial and claim against the Republic of Texas; they refused to act upon the claim, (says the Austin Democrat,) referring the complainant to the Auditorial Court, which the Legislature contemplates establishing.

The report of the committee recommending the cession of the public domain of Texas to the United States Government is published in the Galveston News. It is too long to transfer to our columns, but the Committee estimate that the net proceeds from the sale of the lands should amount to a surplus of about twenty millions after paying the entire amount of the debt.

Then why not pay it? It is an insult and mockery to make such brazen boasts and turn right round and deliberately resolve that they will dishonor their own paper. This, we suppose, is Texas honor!

We submit the resolutions passed by the Legislature referring to the public debt.

Resolved, That our delegation in Congress be requested and authorized to open a negotiation with the government of the United States in such form as they may think fit, for the cession of the public lands of Texas to the United States, for an adequate consideration, to enable Texas to pay her public debt, and to be subject to the ratification of the Legislature of Texas, according to the ordinary forms of legislation.

The following are the classes of the debt incurred by the Republic of Texas, included in the bill to be entitled, An act to ascertain and establish the public debt, and to define how the same is to be paid.

1. All bonds issued by her authority, for which she received par in gold and silver, or its equivalent, together with the interest stipulated to be paid on the face of the bonds, shall be paid at par.

2. All bonds issued under special contracts for munitions of war, vessels of war, and naval supplies which continue in first hands, or have not been assigned at a discount, shall be paid at the interest stipulated on the face of the bonds, at whatever price they may have been taken, provided such bonds can be traced to have originated under such special contract, and can be clearly authenticated and identified.

3. The bonds of the consolidated funds of Texas, having been funded with the treasury notes and audited paper were at an average of less than 33 cents on the dollar, shall be paid at 33 cents on the dollar, with the interest on the same stipulated to be paid on the face of the bonds from the date of said bonds to the date of payment.

4. All other certificates of stock under the seal of the treasury, shall be paid at 30 cents on the dollar, with interest from the date of issue to date of payment.

5. The average value of treasury notes and eight per cent. bonds, having been from the date of their issue less than twenty-five cents on the dollar, and the interest called for on their face; and when no interest is stipulated to be paid on the promissory notes, then with five per cent. interest from Feb. 1, 1842, to the day of payment.

6. All audited certificates issued by the Republic for public services or supplies at par, shall be paid at par, with interest at five per cent. per annum from date; and all issued at less than par, at the rate at which they were issued, with similar interest.

7. All debts or open accounts charged at par, for services or supplies ascertained and declared valid by law, shall be paid at par, with an interest of five per cent. per annum from date; and all declared valid by law, shall be paid at the par rate of currency, shall be paid at the par rate of currency.

Five hundred copies of report and bills ordered to be printed.

Virginia.

The decline of this State, indicated as it is by the successive returns of census after census, appears pictured in more impressive colors still by the more minute and individualized sketches of particular observers. A correspondent of the National Intelligencer writing from Wilton, near Richmond, says:

"It often appears to me that as yet there are no people here, and I have, therefore, to see them come. I have to take up my abode in the houses of my neighbors, they are so far off; yet so near am I to the capital of about 24,000 inhabitants, that I can see its spires and steeples, and almost hear the hum of its life. Back of me, the great river flows, off the river far as I have explored, I cannot find much else but woods, woods, woods. I ride for miles and miles in the forests, looking for people—and yet this is the first settled and oldest part of Virginia! The people have gone off, the Georgians, Alabamians, Kentuckians, Mississippians, Louisianians, Floridians; and now, as if three were too many people left, a bribe is held out to go to Texas. It is a shame that this beautiful country, so blessed in climate, and so little needing, excepting a few miles of the sea, any artificial aid without people—Here is a venerable river running past my door, and there is the Hudson which is lined with towns and villages—much older than the Ohio, older in settlement and geography. I mean, but where are the people? They have all gone off, the Georgians, Alabamians, Kentuckians, Mississippians, Louisianians, Floridians; and now, as if three were too many people left, a bribe is held out to go to Texas. It is a shame that this beautiful country, so blessed in climate, and so little needing, excepting a few miles of the sea, any artificial aid without people—Here is a venerable river running past my door, and there is the Hudson which is lined with towns and villages—much older than the Ohio, older in settlement and geography. I mean, but where are the people? 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